

IT WAS CRACKED ON A WAGER

How Safe Breaking Keeps Pace With Safe Making.

THE SAFE MAN WON THE BET

William A. Pinkerton and Well-Known Bank Officials Spectators at an Interesting Performance. Hammer, Battery, Detonating Caps Did the Work.

Three men blew open a safe in broad daylight at Pullman a few days ago and escaped arrest. The job was done in the presence of 35 or 40 well known men, including William A. Pinkerton, but instead of lodging a complaint with the police or even attempting to stop the performance they heartily applauded its successful termination.

The job was a practical demonstration by a maker of new style safes that the best of certain old style forms are not burglar proof. The safe experimented upon came from a bank at Effingham, Ill., and was the subject of an interesting wager.

The banker said he could now defy the thieves who have on more than one occasion made rich hauls in that locality. This was laughed at by the new style safe man, who offered to pay the bank \$10 a minute for all the time it took him to open the safe by the latest methods of scientific burglars. As the estimated time was 30 minutes the banker didn't like to sacrifice a \$1,500 safe for \$300 and declined the offer.

This drew out another—that the bank should buy a new style safe and turn over the old one in part payment, the value of the latter to be fixed by the time it took to open it. If the job were done in three hours or less, the bank was to get \$750. If one minute more than three hours was spent in the task, the price would be \$1,500. This satisfied the banker, and the suspected safe was sent to an experimental station at Pullman.

In the safe blowing case in question a small hammer, an electric battery, a few detonating caps and a ten ounce vial of nitroglycerin did the work.

The cashier of the Effingham bank first examined the seals and satisfied himself the safe had not been tampered with, and then the fun began. When the head safe blower, a delicate looking young man who unhesitatingly admitted he had been in the business for 15 years, drew the bottle of nitroglycerin from his pocket and carelessly tossed it on the desk, most of the guests made a break for the door. But this same young man coolly said nitroglycerin never went off without cause. He didn't mean it, but the harmless fib made the men feel easier, and they watched the subsequent proceedings with much interest.

"If I desired merely to open this safe I would pour half of this fluid into it and touch it off," said the demonstrator as he again reached for the nitroglycerin. "But I don't want to smash it into smithereens. What I am after is to show the faulty style of construction by stripping the plates apart one by one without using tools or making any perceptible noise. This will take considerably longer than the mere blowing open of the safe would, but I am confident the work will be done inside of three hours."

The chief safe blower hit the door of the safe two or three smart blows with the hammer and a chunk of the metal was broken off. Into this crevice a teaspoonful or perhaps a little more of the nitroglycerin was poured.

Despite the assertion of the maker that the safe was impervious to explosives in any form, the liquid fast disappeared in the crack. Then a detonating cap was stuck over the crevice with a little putty, the electric wires were attached, somebody pushed the button, and there was a report like that of a small popgun.

The first result was not satisfying to the spectators. They saw no signs of the attack, but the demonstrator smiled and said the next charge would start something, and it did. Twenty-five charges of a teaspoonful or so each were used, and all the plates of the big screw door were stripped off one by one.

Some of the plates were warped and broken and all the screws which held them together were snapped off like cotton threads, many of them being blown into minute particles. The job was done in just two hours and fifty-seven minutes, and all of the spectators so certified.—Chicago Tribune.

How a British Officer Spent His Leave.

As an indication of the eagerness which has been shown to take part in the Chitral campaign and to explore the almost unknown country through which the expedition is to advance the following incident may be given: A distinguished officer, whose regiment was not upon the list for the Chitral expedition, applied for a short leave of absence. He then went to see the commandant of another regiment more fortunate than his own and obtained his sanction to serve in the ranks of his regiment. He made the necessary change in uniform, took his share of the toilet-marches and hard camping and fought with all a volunteer's enthusiasm through the action in the Malakand pass. He staid with the brigade until the summit of the pass was reached, and then hurried back to Peshawar, his leave then being on the point of expiration.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Making It Easier to Lose.
In a new poker deck the number of cards is to be increased to 60. Can't a man lose enough money with the old deck?—New York World.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Had No Escape, So He Just Let Brain Eat Him Up.

"Speaking of accidents," said the Boston man, "I had a most singular one happen to me upon the East Tennessee road two weeks ago. I was in the rear sleeper coming down the mountain when it jumped the track and went down over a cliff 55 feet into the bed of a creek."

Silence reigned for the space of five seconds, till a tall, quiet gentleman of the name of Courtney loaned over to the Boston man and mildly inquired, "Did you say 55 feet?"

"Yes," said the man from Boston.

"Is that list?" said Mr. Courtney. "No! It is not list," thundered the Boston man. "The car went down 85 feet and a little girl had her arm broken, although I did not get hurt myself."

"My dear sir," said Courtney, "I would not want you to think for a moment that I doubted your word, and speaking of the mountains reminds me of an adventure I had about five years ago up in the Rockies. There was a party of us out there from Chicago hunting and fishing. We were camped on a trout stream away up in the Ute pass, and as I would rather fish than lug a gun about all day I made daily trips up the stream."

One day I went much farther than ever before, and finally came to a pool that lay between two high rocks. To reach it I had to climb up the mountain side and out on a shelf of rock that overhung the pool 20 feet below. I dropped my fly and as fast as it struck the water I had a speckled beauty on the end of my line. But all at once I heard a scratching on the rock behind me, and on looking around I saw a big she grizzly bear coming for me with her mouth wide open. There I was, without gun, pistol or even a penknife to defend myself with, and sure death if I jumped into the stream."

"What did you do?" cried the Boston man in great excitement.

"Do? What could I do? I just sat there and let the blunked thing eat me up."

In the roar that followed the Boston man took no part. He looked across at Courtney's placid face, in which there was not the shadow of a smile. Then he laid his napkin on the table and sneaked out of the room.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Mean Trick.

It was the meanest trick ever played on the streets of New Orleans. There was no humor in it, no fun. Simply a piece of animosity such as men of a very ordinary and groveling habit of mind love to indulge in.

These were the circumstances: It was high noon on Canal street, and all the city was in gala attire. Through the midst of the crowd that thronged about Canal street passed the tall and proud form of one of New Orleans' most distinguished beaux. With his eyes on the passing show, the beau took no notice of who walked by his side.

Now, it just so happened that a party of darkies were out for a promenade of Canal street. They were female darkies, country female darkies, gaudily attired in red and blue, with fat, savage faces, black as the inside of a crow. It further just so happened that those darkies in making their way along Canal street walked immediately by the side of the well known and popular beau. Of course he didn't notice it, or if he did notice it he was contemptuously unimpressed by it. It was out of the question that any one should think he was walking with the country negroes dressed in red and blue.

Then the mean man came along and perpetrated the mean trick. It was a very simple trick, a very grave trick, and didn't take a half second to execute. As the mean man approached the well known beau he glanced at him and then glanced at the array of darkies. Then he smiled graciously and took off his hat ceremoniously. With the spontaneous good breeding of a true, well known and popular beau, the well known and popular beau then saluted returned the salute, and a half dozen ladies who were passing by at the time looked at him wondering and then feigned to see something the other way.

It was really a very mean trick, and, as has been intimated, utterly without humor. At all events, that's what the well known and popular beau most emphatically declares.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Antelope Position.

Mrs. Dr. Annie Leamon Griffin has introduced a new act at the Muncie theater that is being applauded all over the city.

Thursday night at a show she was one of a small theater party of women, and she occupied seat No. 4 from the aisle. The next two seats were occupied by well dressed but very nervous young men. As soon as the curtain dropped after the first act the two men requested that the ladies arise and let them out.

Mrs. Griffin politely informed them that she would not get up for them. Both remained standing and finally appealed to the house policeman, who called Manager Wyser. He stated that the seat occupied by the woman belonged to her, and she could do as she liked. Finally the men were compelled to sit down, and the house fairly shook with applause made by the audience, who had become acquainted with the trouble.

Mrs. Griffin will be given a medal by other Muncie women who are calling in person and extending their congratulations.—Indianapolis Journal.

Is She Going to Be Married?

It is reported that a well known comic opera singer is about to take steps preparatory to having another divorce suit.—Chicago Record.

A COLUMN FOR WOMEN.

A Brilliant Array of Talented Women

WHO MOULD PUBLIC OPINION

And Are a Power in the Parlor as Well as on the Platform. The New Woman and Corsets. The Modern Woman in the School-room.

New York is so vast and wealthy a community that it seems impossible to satisfy the demand for talent of all sorts. The city itself does not appear to produce enough for its own wants and so draws from the outside world. There is a constant stream of bright, intelligent women flowing into the metropolis, and yet there is always room for more. It is hard to keep a record of all who come, as most of them respond to engagements of which the public knows nothing.

Of the many newcomers Miss Esther Singleton makes a specialty of literary and musical essays and novel entertainments, in which poetry, song and the piano are components. She has a delightful way of illustrating history, drama and verse with musical compositions. Miss Louise Stockton is emphatically a great literary teacher and master. She makes books living beings and makes even the duller realize the organic relation between literature and daily life. Miss Beaton is an apostle of contemporary literature. She strives to induce women to read carefully American history, to understand what is going on around them and to master the great authorities in order to comprehend recurrent facts and questions. Miss Martina Johnston is music personified. She is a master of its art and science. She can at a glance determine the strength and weakness of any student or amateur.

Miss Mary Proctor makes astronomy and mathematics simple and wonderfully fascinating. Miss Jessie H. Bancroft is the leader of physical culture, or muscular Christianity. In this field she finds the secret of health, beauty, grace, endurance and the power to work untiringly with either mind or body. Miss Field and Miss Yates are both fine oriental scholars. Miss Stephens is an authority on South American topics. These and many others are a power in the parlor as well as on the platform. They are leading their sisters upward into a higher and broader culture.—Margherita Arluna Hamu in New York Mail and Express.

Corsets and the New Woman.

At the National Council of Women, which recently met in Washington, the ladies held a sort of experience meeting, with corsets for a text. It must have been an impressive and thrilling moment when Miss Susan B. Anthony confessed in public that, although she had worn them for years, she did not approve of them, nor had she known a comfortable moment when increased in them.

I am afraid Susan laced, laced tight. Of course she never knew a comfortable moment in them. Women with such swelling ambitions and bubbling emotions could never be made comfortable in any known combination of bone and corset. But one cannot help wondering why such a strong minded woman should submit to a bondage she did not approve of, when the throwing off of shackles is just in her line.

In the olden times corsets were called "stays," and it was the work of two women to lasso one waist. After the rear lacing was effected a kid covered copper board was inserted between the tortured flesh and the stay. Manifestly a woman stayed in the machine after once getting into it. But we have improved on all that, and now that the photographers have pronounced the throat and the flesh tints of Rachel Foster Avery the most beautiful that ever came under the camera, all the women will approve of reform dress. Woman's first duty is to be beautiful, or at least just as beautiful as her own physical limitations will admit of.

From the corset to the revision of the Bible is a far cry, but none too far for the audacity of woman.

The new woman is a restless creature, who, having slipped the old moorings, is grasping out wildly in every direction for fresh anchorage. When, however, she undertakes to revise the Bible because some of the present translations do her sex full justice, she is stepping into the realm of impiousness.—Jeanette H. Walworth.

The New Woman in the Schoolroom.

An undergraduate of a woman's college says that she notices a curious distinction between the way the older women teachers talk to the girls and that in which the younger ones address them. The former always imply that the pupils will marry; the latter seldom seem to take matrimony into their calculations at all. They plan their classes' futures for them as if there were no such thing as the masculine gender in the world, but the old time teachers, even if they are spinsters themselves, are not so advanced as this.—Philadelphia Times.

Sacrificing the Shawl.

The once fashionable and still valuable cashmere shawls of our grandmothers' time are being sacrificed to the scissors at last and made into sleeves, bodices and bias folds, appearing with black or with dull red brocade silk for very rich afternoon gowns for elderly women.

THE COMPOSITE GHOST.

By Marion Couthouy Smith.

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They were placed on exhibition, in a long, imposing row, All who'd borne the name of Spriggins for three centuries or so; From old Amram, who came over in the Pilgrim Fathers' track, To the late lamented Jane, for whom the family still wore black. They stood upon a hardwood shelf, in rich and proud array, Not disposed, I beg to state, in any grim, offensive way. They were not a row of mummies, standing terrible and tall, Nor a grisly stack of collins, piled up high along the wall; You never came across a skull, nor stumbled on a bone, Nor a human frame in lattice work, left rattling there alone; Your nerves would never suffer there from sudden shocks or "turns"— There was nothing but a score or two of classic little urns, Which held their sacred contents, sealed in elegant reserve, Like a ghastly kind of jam, or supernatural preserve. You never, never would suspect that in those graceful rows, The entire Spriggins ancestry could peacefully repose. 'Tis a plan that's most convenient, thus within a little space, To have your relatives condensed, and keep them in a vase; For if you care to travel, why, wherever you may go, You can simply take your family vault along with you, you know. You can have the whole collection sent by Peterson's express, To be a genteel solace in bereavement and distress. Besides, it is the prettiest and a man could wish himself— To be gathered to his fathers in an urn upon a shelf.

There rested all the Spriggins tribe, each in his little urn, On which the names and dates were carved, as each had died in turn; And Spriggins, pere, was proud of them, and often went to weep, Beside the sacred shelf on which he one day hoped to sleep.

One fatal afternoon it chanced that Spriggins' youngest son, Whose un-Christian age was seven, and whose Christian name was John, Obtained the key to that small room, and found that sacred store Of the ashes of his fathers, which he never had seen before. This Johnny was a clever boy, much given to research, His very nose turned up, with interrogatory perch; His head—excuse the slang—was very level, you'll surmise, But 'twas level where his bump of veneration ought to rise. He knew they were his relatives, within those vases packed, But he didn't care a button for that interesting fact; All he wanted was to reach those curious urns and take them down, (Alas! the shelf was several feet above his little crown). There came a sudden avalanche, and flat upon the floor He lay, sprinkled with the ashes of a century or more! A portion of his grandpa ran in torrents down his neck, And 'round him all his great-great-aunts were lying by the peck. He had Pilgrim Fathers in his shoes, all trickling 'round his toes; He had grandmas in his hair, and he had cousins in his nose, And, worst of all, a fragment of the late lamented Jane Had lodged beneath his eyelid, and was causing dreadful pain! But John had lots of courage, and he didn't stop to cry, Not even with the ashes of his sister in his eye: He only gasped, and quickly rose, and ruefully surveyed The ruin and confusion that his luckless fall had made. He could sweep up all the ashes, but things never could be fixed, For the worthy house of Spriggins was inextricably mixed! Such a stirring up would stagger even the very stoniest brain; Why, you couldn't tell old Amram from the late lamented Jane. The scions of this honored line, all by that little loon, Might just as well have been stirred up, like pudding, with a spoon. 'Twas very sad; but Johnny, yielding not to thoughts of gloom, Brought up a chair to stand on, and a dustpan and a broom, And soon that little room was very, very cleanly swept, And urns and ashes all put back, just where they had been kept. You never, never would suspect what that one day had cost, And that in that act each Spriggins' identity was lost!

HE HAD GRANDMAS IN HIS HAIR.

That night, alas! Pa Spriggins, in a solemn frame of mind, Betook himself to that small room, as off he felt inclined. And he shut the door, and sat him down, those urns to contemplate, While appropriate reflections chased each other through his pate; For he loved to pensively recount the treasures of the past, And wondered constantly how long the family would last. The place was dark and gloomy—he was shut up there alone, When suddenly—his hair stood up!—he heard a hollow groan! The cover of the largest urn rose up a little way, A mist came forth, which altered to a figure dim and gray. It rose up from the ashes, like the Phoenix known of old, But such an awful bird as this the ancients never told. It bore a distant likeness to the figure of a man, But picture such a nondescript, I know I never can. It had a gray old head upon the shoulders of a child; One eye was small and wicked, and the other large and wild. Its hands, its feet, its teeth, its ears, I solemnly declare,

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Am I my Aunt Kiziah, or am I your brother Paul? Oh, Spriggins—Ebenezer J!—Oh wretch! Oh fool! Oh rash! How could you mix our ashes in one vast, ancestral hash? Thus ending, with a mingled wail of misery and rage, That awful vision ceased to speak, and vanished from the stage, While ghostly groanings issued from the various urns around, But poor old Spriggins heard no more—he swooned upon the ground.

And now those mingled embers 'neath memorial marbles lie, And Spriggins and his family will be buried when they die.



A Letter

just to hand says: "It is needless for me to express my high opinion of Pearline, and that no clean family lives without it." Thousands of letters come, praising Pearline, but they don't all put it so strongly. We wouldn't want to, ourselves. We don't say that things can't be made clean without

Pearline. But we do say that things can't be made clean with so little labor and so little damage by any other means. And we want to say that, loudly. Millions use Pearline.

Only a short time ago they rubbed and scrubbed and fussed in the old-fashioned way without it.

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This Store is Playing for Keeps!

ONCE A CUSTOMER, ALWAYS A CUSTOMER!

Ladies' Night Gowns, cambric, also muslin, the new era style, sweet and dainty, Irish point embroidery. Sale of this decided novelty confined to us, \$1 each.

Ladies' Shirt Waists of Striped Japanese Wash Silk, sleeves beautifully made, marvellously cheap these, \$2.62.

Laundried Percale Waists, 50c; Unlaundried Prints, Waists, 25c; Navy, also Black Storm Serge, yard wide, all wool, 25c a yard.

New Silk and Wool Dress Goods, 40 inches wide, 50c a yard.

Men's Fine Fast Black, also Balbriggan Hose, double heels and toes 12c. This quality we believe cannot be had elsewhere below 25c.

Ladies' Bleached Ribbed Vests, high quality, special, 12c.

Pink, Blue, Black, also White Vests of pure silk, 50c each.

Bleached, Real Lisle Thread Vests, usual 50c quality, 37c.

White French Organdy, 2 yards wide, for graduating dresses, 33c, 37c, 50c.

White Check Muslin, 6c; White Serim, 4c; White Victoria Lawn, 4c.

Child's Fine Ribbed Hose, fast black Ipswich, bargain, sizes 6 to 9, 12c a pair.

Printed Organdy, French, really beautiful designs, 25c a yard.

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If not, don't miss doing so. Their original price was 15c per yard, but having closed Jobber's stock, we are enabled to sell them at the extremely low price of 10c per yard.

Also received one case India Linen worth 8c per yard. We will close them out at 5c per yard.

Another case short length Percales, 26 inches wide, to be closed out at 4c per yard.

Space prevents us mentioning other desirable bargains, but a visit will convince you that our stock is new and complete and price low.

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HE RANK UPON HIS BENDED KNEES.